

The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By
**FRANCIS
LYNDE**

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"THE GIRL!"

Synopsis.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, estate, valued at something like \$100,000, lies in a "safe repository," and is to be distributed, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a pig-bald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a practical joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy. On his way to Denver Stanford hears from a fellow traveler, Charles Bullerton, a mining engineer, a story having to do with a flooded mine. He guesses at the possibility of a mine as a "safe repository." Bullerton refuses him information. Broughton starts for Placerville, in the Red Desert. At Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he gets within arms' reach of the horse and dog. He is deterred, however, by the presence of a conveyance, Broughton seizes a track-inspector car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Hecsey, that he is demented. Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Gentle reader, I wonder if you've ever tried to climb a telegraph pole without the contrivances that a line-man buckles upon his feet? If you haven't, the advice of this amateur is—don't. Half a dozen times I shinned up to perhaps the height of a man's head, only to come sliding down again on a run. At last, by a series of inclines I contrived to get within arms' reach of the lowest crosspiece. I flung my hand, I strained for the nearest wire, propped it, and began to twist it back and forth to break it.

Not to let me miss any of the thrills it was at the precise instant of the wire-breaking that my straining ears caught the sound they had been listening for; a far-away, drumming rumble that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Then, out of the same indefinite circumstance came a warning that was still more unmistakable—the long-drawn blast of a locomotive whistle.

I didn't climb down that pole; I came down like the time-ball on the fleetest in Washington at high noon. Moreover, I struck the ground running, as one might say. All thoughts of thinking that confounded motor had vanished and my one great object in life was to get the car off the track before a worse thing should happen. I was doing fairly well with the lifting and tugging when the enemy horse in sight less than five hundred yards away. And that wasn't all, either. At precisely the same instant, as if it had been timed by the same mechanism that had brought the freight train, here came a wild engine around the curve in the opposite direction, with its whistle valve held open and making a racket to wake the dead. The best motor-car riders had found a locomotive somewhere and were chasing me.

One mud heave at the stranded gas-oline car, a mighty boost that got all but one wheel off it in the clear, and I was gone—struggling like a jack-rabbit for the tall timber, only there wasn't a stick of timber nearer than the slopes of the background mountains.

One glance over my shoulder as I fled showed me what I was in for; that the story was to be immediately continued in my next. Both engines tried to stop; did stop it, time to avert the greater catastrophe. Three or four men jumped from the freight and two from the wild engine to come tearing after me. I fancied I could give them their money's worth at that game—being in pretty fair training—so I pitched out to try to turn the hypothetical theory into a condition.

It was a great race. Through one gap and into another we went, making figure eights around the hills and back again, dodging into new ravines and out of them into others, circling among great sandstone boulders that took all sorts of weird shapes in the passing glimpse.

I don't know just how long the chase lasted, but it was long enough to give me a very considerable degree of respect for the nerve and persistence of those highly indignant railroad men. We must have been miles away from the scene of the disaster when I finally left them behind and lost them. When I looked back and found myself alone in the solitude I sat down upon a flat rock to gasp and laugh. It had all been so supremely ridiculous, and so beautifully in keeping with the reputation I had left behind me at Atropia, that I felt sure that now nothing less than a verdict of expert analysts would ever serve to convince these Red Desert folk that I was anything but an escaped lunatic.

After the breathing spell I kept on up the valley, heading away from the setting sun, and feeling certain that, sooner or later, I must come out somewhere in the neighborhood of Atropia. Two hours later I came into a sort of an excuse for a road. Being pretty well winded by the stiff climb out of the canyon ravine, I sat down at the roadside to rest a bit and to decide which way I should go, to the right or to the left. Just as I was making up my mind I heard a patter of feet and a dog barked.

A moment later I could see the beast, indistinctly. He had been coming up the road and had stopped at the light—or scent—of me. Since a dog argued the proximity of a dog-owning human being, I called coaxingly: "Here, Towser—here—come on, old fellow—that's a boy!" and the curious thing about it is that he did it, running up a little way and stopping,

and finally coming to squat before me and to lift a paw for me to shake.

I jolled him a bit and let him nose me to his heart's content. Then suddenly, as if he had discovered a long-lost master, he broke away and began to leap and dance around me, barking a furious and hilarious welcome. In the midst of this hubbub I heard hoof-beats and the squeaking of saddle leather, and the dog's owner rode up. At first I thought the figure in the saddle was that of a boy. But it was a woman's voice, and a mighty pleasant one, that called to the dog: "Down, Barney, and behave yourself—what's the matter with you, sir?"

I stood up and pulled off my cap. "I'm chiefly the matter," I said. "Your dog seems to think he knows me, and I'm awfully sorry that his memory is so much better than mine."

You'd think—anybody would think—that a woman riding alone in the dark on a solitary mountain road would be handsomely startled, to say the least, at seeing a man rise up fairly under her horse's nose. But if my little lady were scared, she certainly didn't parade her fright.

"Barney is such a foolish dog, sometimes," she said apologetically. "He has a double brain, you know; half of it is good-natured and silly and the other half is—well, it's—"

The dog had come around again wagging his tail and at that magic word "half!" I stooped to let him stick his cold nose into my palm. The act brought me near enough to enable me to look over my shoulder and to clasp my hand over my mouth to keep from shouting out and scaring the entire combination into a wild stampede. For, if you'll believe me, the dog was my dog. One-half of his face was white and the other was so black that it merged and faded harmoniously into the night.

"I know," I said, straightening up again; "my brain acts that way, too, sometimes." Then: "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me the color of the horse you are riding?"

The young woman laughed and her laugh was just as jolly and pleasant as her speaking voice.

"Winkie is what the cow-men call a 'pinto'—a calico horse," she answered promptly.

"Sure?" I inquired. "I know," she said, and the horse shied and the dog barked in sheer sympathy. Then I apologized. "Please forgive the explosion. As I said a minute ago, my brain sometimes acts like Barney's; half of it being good-natured and silly and the other half—well, we'll omit the description of the other half for the present, if you'll permit me. May I—er—will you have the goodness to tell me where I am?"

"I—why—dear me! Don't you know where you are?"

"Not any more than a harmless, necessary question, I assure you."

I couldn't be certain, but I thought I found a little firmer hold upon her brain, too.

"Did you—did you come from Atropia?" she asked in a sort of awed little voice.

"How did you guess it? I was, indeed, for a very short space of time this very day—a member of the Atropia band. And if you should ask me, I might say that I feel as though I had walked most of the way here from Atropia. Is it—my car broke down, you know?"

"Yes," she said; "I know"—just as if she did. Then: "I can at least tell you where you are. This is the southern slope of Cinnabar mountain. This road leads on down to Atropia, about three miles below."

"Yes; Atropia was the place I was trying to come to."

She stopped and appeared to be thinking about something. Then she said: "Really, I think you would better not go to Atropia. It's—well, it's quite a long walk."

"The walk doesn't specially appal me. I've done so much walking this afternoon that a few hundred miles, more or less, in addition wouldn't be worth mentioning. But for some other reasons—"

"Yes; for some other reasons," she said, repeating it right after me. Then: "I—well—Daddy and I, might give you some supper and put you up for the night, if—if you wouldn't mind sleeping in the—in the loft."

My Lord! I hadn't so much as seen her face clearly yet, but I could have worshipped her. She had just come from Atropia, and she knew. Of course, she knew. That little dress—just handkerchief must have been sizzling for hours with the wire news of the escaped lunatic who had alighted in Atropia, only to light out again with a stolen inspection car. And in the face of all that she was willing to take a chance on me! If she had only known that I would cheerfully risk sleeping in the cellar—to say nothing of a loft—rather than lose sight of her. . . . but she was going on a bit breathlessly: "It is only a short mile to our cabin and—if you are very tired, I might let you ride Winkie."

"I shall be most delighted—to walk," I hastened to say.

"Straight on up the road, then," she directed.

We had traversed possibly half of the promised mile in plodding silence when we came to a place where the grade was so steep that it cut what was left of my sea-level wind to the small end of nothing.

"Stop a minute and get your breath," said the pony's rider; and when I had halted: "You are not used to these high altitudes, are you?"

"Not so that any one would remark it," I gasped. "How high up are we?"

"About five thousand feet. The mine is exactly five thousand three hundred, I believe."

There it was, you see: THE MINE! "Pardon me," I blurted out; "but would you mind telling me if your eyes are blue?"

Her laugh was like a drink of cool spring water in the middle of a hot summer day; refreshing, you know, like that.

"I suppose your eyes are blue; people tell me they are." "Thank you," I returned. "There is only one other little matter and that can very well wait until we are—er—a bit better acquainted, you know. Shall we go on, now?"

She spoke to her pony and we went on. Ahead of us and diagonally up a steep slope I could see the dim shapes of a number of buildings, all dark. Then we came to a great dump, looking as if the mountain had at one time opened to pour out a cataract of broken stone.

Beyond the dump there was another building with a light in it; and as the dog ran ahead of us, barking, the figure of a man silhouetted itself in the open doorway.

"Here we are and you are welcome to the Old Cinnabar," said my companion to me. Then she "hoo-hoo-ed" cheerily to the man in the doorway and slipped out of her saddle, letting her pony stand while she led me across to the lighted, log-built cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

The Old Cinnabar.

"Daddy, here is a man I found down at the head of Antelope gulch; he had lost his way, so I brought him home with me," was the simple manner in which she launched into it, and I found myself shaking hands with an elderly man who looked as if he might be a farmer, or a miner, or something of that nature—you will know what I mean—familiar, friendly, and as he looked at me, his eyes were as blue as a colt's dog's.

"You done plum right, Jennie," he remarked; and then to me: "Come right on in, stranger, and be at home. If you don't see what you want, ask for it." After which he went to take care of the pig-bald pony.

The log cabin proved to be primitive only on the outside. The interior was a dream of cozy homeliness. A hanging lamp lighted it, and in its mild glow I had my first real look at the girl.

She wasn't beautiful in any show-girl meaning of the word; she was something far better—piquant, charming. A round little face, wind-tanned to a tint as delicious as the blush in the heart of an apple-blossom. A jolly pair of nose, tipped enough to be speak a healthy sense of humor, a mouth neither too large nor too small, upheld by a firm, round chin, and the chin upheld by an extra firm little jaw. As she had admitted, her eyes were blue—the blue that shades into violet—and they were well-set; wide apart and perfectly fearless; the kind of eyes fit to match the straight-lined brows that usually go with them.

I sat before the cheerful blaze, chuckling quietly to myself over the mad adventures of the day and their highly romantic, not to say miraculous, outcome. Beyond all manner of doubt I had stumbled upon the three tall-mans of Cousin Percy's cryptic letter. By the most marvelous of accidents I had discovered the girl, the horse and the dog; and, if the remainder of Percy's letter were to be taken at its face value, I should now be in touch with my legacy.

As to the character of that legacy, there could be no further question. Grandfather Jasper had left me a mine; and I was fully prepared to find it the drowned mine of Bullerton's story. What I might be able to make of it was a matter which could well be postponed to another day. Just as I reached this postponing conclusion, the girl's father came in, drew up a chair on the opposite side of the hearth, and began to make me welcome in a mild-mannered way, saying that they didn't have much company, and were always "master" glad to see a new face. He did not ask me any troublesome questions; and beyond telling me his name, which was Hiram Twombly, did not volunteer any information about himself or his daughter, nor did he explain how they came to be living in so much comparative comfort in such an out-of-the-way place.



A Little Later the Girl Returned to Set the Table.

A little later the girl returned to set the table, and presently we had supper. It was an amazingly good meal; crisp bacon, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and honey, and coffee that was most delicious in spite of the condensed milk which was made to serve as cream.

After we left the table the blue-eyed maiden got housewifely busy, and the old man and I sat before the fire and smoked. I don't remember just how it was that I finally drifted around to automobiles and motor boats and such things, but we did, and may be I may have bragged a bit about having driven and tinkered pretty nearly all the breeds of go-cart on land and water—as I really had.

"Know about machinery, do you?" said my hearth-mate; and then, with a humorous glint in his mild eyes: "Shouldn't wonder if you could be sort of a Godsend to me, if you wanted to. Tomorrow, if you ain't in too big a hurry to be leavin' us, I'll get you to show me a few things that I don't know, 'long them lines, maybe."

Of course, I acquiesced, cheerfully. By and by the girl came in and sat down to knit, just as her grandmother might have done, and at that her father got up, and, lighting a lantern, went out. I was fairly perishing by this time to know a vast number of things, but hardly knew how to begin asking about them. So, as the old man clapped on his hat and left the cabin, I blew out the first foolish remark that came uppermost.

"All dressed up, and nowhere to go; isn't that about the way of it for you two up on this mountain?"

"Meaning Daddy, and now, particularly?" she said, smiling across at me. "He has gone to make his regular round of the mine buildings and cabins. Not that he likes the slightest use of it; only he likes to feel that he is at least pretending to earn his pay."

"The mine?" I queried.

"Yes; that's the old 'Cinnabar,' you know, and Daddy is the—well, I suppose you might call us the caretakers. Though there isn't much to take care of. The mine has been shut down for a year and more."

"Is it a gold mine?"

"It was."

"Why the past tense?"

"Water," she said, briefly. "It's a drowned mine. That is why it was shut down."

Of course, this was exactly what I was expecting to hear, and yet this plain unvarnished confirmation of things gave me a damp and soggy feeling of despondency. Percy had wired, you remember, that his letter was no joke; but it seemed that it really was one, and that the joke—which was a mighty grim one—was on me.

"Can't the water be pumped out?" I asked.

"It seems not. I understand the company spent thousands of dollars trying to pump it out. It's—it's rather pitiful."

"You mean the company's loss?"

"No; the company didn't lose anything. It was just one old man."

Now we were coming to the real meat of the thing and I looked my hand of cards over carefully to the end that I should not overplay it.

"I'm fond of stories," I ventured; "especially mining stories," and thereupon she told me the story of the Cinnabar. It was a fair repetition of Bullerton's tale, with a few more of the particulars thrown in.

As my blue-eyed little Scheherazade understood it, my grandfather had been a minority stockholder in the company during its prosperous period. When the water debacle came, the fact of it was carefully concealed from him and he was generously permitted to come to the rescue—which he did by paying a fabulous sum (Scheherazade did not know how much) for his fellow-stockholders' holdings. In other words, they had sold him a gold brick; soaked him for a final clean-up on a doomed mine. That was about all there was to it.

"Did my—did the old gentleman you speak of ever come out here himself?" She nodded.

"Once that we know off; that was after it was all over and the place was deserted. At that time Daddy had taken up a claim just west of here in the next gulch and we were living in this cabin; squatters, I guess you'd call us. So we camped down."

"That was quite right and proper. And this Mr. Jasper Dudley; he didn't turn you out when he came, did he?"

"Oh, no, indeed; he was very kind. When he found that Daddy's gulch claim wasn't going to pan out anything, he said he needed a caretaker here, and since that time he has sent us money every month. But now I suppose it will all be different. Mr. Dudley is dead."

"But the heirs?" I suggested.

"We don't even know who they are. When Mr. Dudley went away he left a sealed envelope with Daddy. He said he might come back again, some time, but if he didn't, or couldn't, Daddy was to keep the envelope and give it to his—Mr. Dudley's—representative, whoever that might be."

Talk about plots thickening! This one was already as thick as molasses in the dead of winter!

"How were you to know this representative if one should come?" I edged cautiously.

"I don't know," she replied simply. "I should suppose he would be able to identify himself in some way, though; shouldn't you? That is, if he ever comes."

"Sure; nothing easier, of course," I agreed; and then, since we seemed to have scraped the bottom of the Cinnabar ditch clear I switched off to something else.

"When we were coming up the road a while back, Miss Jeanie, you gathered the impression that I was a crazy man, didn't you?"

"Didn't you try to give me that impression?" she countered. "There's no fancy I didn't have to try very hard—nasmuch as you had been spending the afternoon in Atropia."

She forced a queer little laugh and bent lower over her knitting.

"When you were in Atropia, did you see or hear anything of the other crazy man?"

"Is there another one?" she asked, a bit breathlessly.

"I was told so in Angels this afternoon."

"Is this other man a friend of yours?" she wanted to know.

"You could scarcely call him that; I've met him only once. He is a mining engineer and his name is Bullerton—Charles Bullerton."

If I had reached up and got her pistol out of its holster over the mantel to bang it off into the fireplace she could hardly have been more startled.

"Charles Bullerton?" she stammered. "Is Mr. Bullerton here?"

"Not here, exactly, but he was in Atropia two days ago. Do you, by any chance, happen to know him?"

"Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then, naturally, you know best whether or not he is in my class—the crazy class, I mean."

Once more she let the blue eyes drop to her knitting, and if I wasn't mistaken the pretty lips were twisting themselves in a sort of very smile.

"The last time I saw him he told me he was crazy," she admitted.

"Isn't this delightful?" I murmured. "Bullerton is crazy and I'm crazy;—"

"Well, hello, Charley Bullerton! What in Sam Hill are you doin' up in this neck o' woods?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PIG IRON'S BASIC PRODUCTS

Metal Sold in Three Forms—Cast, Wrought and Steel—One of Most Valuable Minerals.

Iron is the most valuable metal in the world to man, because it is of more use in more ways.

It has been known to men from earliest times. Savages smelted it. It is generally found combined with other substances such as carbon. These other substances have to be burned out in order to have pure iron.

Iron is sold in three forms—cast iron, wrought iron, and steel. Cast iron is brittle and hard, like the lid on the kitchen range. Wrought iron can be hammered out flat or made into wire or welded. It is quite soft. Steel is also capable of being hammered out flat and welded. Its peculiar property is that when tempered it becomes very hard—so hard that a sharp edge can be put on it—so hard that it will, when edged, cut wrought iron.

Iron which has been melted and poured into a mold in some form desired for use, such as part of a stove is called cast iron. Iron which is cast roughly from the smelter is in order to be used to make cast iron, wrought iron or steel is called pig iron.

Puddling is the name of the process by which pig iron is made into wrought iron. It is done in a furnace in which the carbon is burned from the pig iron.

Pig iron contains the most carbon, then comes steel and then wrought iron.

Steel can be made directly from pig iron by what is known as the Bessemer and open-hearth processes. Formerly it was made from wrought iron.

Find a Mummified Dinosaur.

The vast ice fields of Siberia have in many instances acted as a natural cold-storage plant for the preservation of the flesh of the mammoth, this prehistoric cousin of the elephant, having been dug out of his chilly grave intact on numerous occasions. It has always been supposed, however, that this was the only instance in which anything more than the bare bones of the fauna of past geological epochs had come down to us. Doubtless this mammoth will continue to stand unique in this respect; but he is no longer unapproached. There has recently been put on exhibition in the Senckenberg museum, Frankfurt-am-Main, a dinosaur skeleton which carries with it a considerable portion of the skin of the animal, in mummified form. In particular the epidermis over the animal's back is present practically intact. The skeleton has been mounted in flying position, and makes altogether an impressive exhibit.—Scientific American.

The Healthy Eskimo.

It is said that the Eskimos of the remotest north are the healthiest people you can find anywhere. Contact with white folks has, however, brought deterioration and demoralization. The influence of civilization has been bad, and may be worse; it may even result in the extinction of the hardy race. Only when they are left wholly to their own devices are the Eskimos healthy, and this is indeed remarkable, for their devices are few and the hardships of their lives are many.

Origin of Wedding Cake.

The wedding cake dates back to the laws of Romulus and the early days of Rome. Instead of elaborate marriage festivals Romulus instituted the confarretio. The union of the man and woman was solemnized simply and quickly by the eating of a loaf of barley bread together. This marriage ceremony was in force for some generations among the Romans. Then, as civilization developed, the barley bread became a cake.

Birds and Cyclones.

One naturalist has expressed the opinion that birds habitually make use of storms in traveling from one part of their range to another. He points out that if a bird cannot find shelter, it must be more comfortable on the wing than on the ground during a storm, because in the fiercest gales the air, as a mass, is at rest; that is, the bird is in a moving, supporting medium, like a swimmer in a strongly-flowing river.

Don't Neglect Eyes.

The majority of people do not care for their eyes as they should. The eye is too delicate an organ to be subjected to haphazard treatment. A sudden change from a very bright light to darkness should be avoided, and if the eyes are at all weak, the prevailing color in the room in which such a one spends much time, should be in some tint that is soothing and restful to the eyes.—Detroit News.

"Round you any more, whatsoever, Jeanie girl. I kep' still the other time, but that was afore I'd found out how everlastin' crooked he is."

"You needn't be afraid for me, Daddy," said the girl, and I could hear her low laugh. "You know you've always said I'd have to marry money, and Charles Bullerton hasn't enough to tempt even me."

I heard something that sounded like a deep-throated "Gosh!—listen at that, will ye?" then: "If Charley Bullerton's been in 'Tropia he'll be bustin' in here, next, tryin' to get his claws into this here Cinnabar carcass. And me, I hain't got no boss to stand behind me. That'll be a nice kettle o' fish!"

I stuck my head out of the blankets and listened greedily. It seemed to be very highly necessary that I should be made acquainted with the precise ingredients of that kettle of fish. But my luck had exhausted itself. In a few minutes there was a stir in the living room below, and I heard Daddy Two-billy shoveling up ashes to cover the fire. That meant goodnight; and though I continued to listen, there were no more sounds, and I was finally obliged to go to sleep, leaving the fish-kettle still unanalyzed.

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CRAWFORD AVANCEE SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 One Year\$2.00
 Six Months1.00
 Three Months50
 Outside of Crawford county and Roscommon, per year.....\$2.50

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Grayling, Mich., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879
 O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1922.

Pull For Grayling or Pull Out

GRAYLING SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from First Page.)
 ternon programs was given last Friday by the Senior class. The program was as follows:

Orchestra.
 Solo—Mrs. Milnes.
 Orchestra.
 Solo—Beatrice Richards.
 H. S. Chorus.
 Recitation—Ruth Taylor.
 Orchestra.
 H. S. Quartet.
 Duet—Eleanor Schumann and Ruth Taylor.
 Recitation—Anna Ruesky.
 H. S. Chorus.
 Solo—Helen Behlke.
 Orchestra.
 Singing—En Masse.

The Juniors will not give the next program as planned because of the hoarseness of the J. Hops.

Don't forget the famous Hawaiian next Friday March 3. High school auditorium.

Spice.

Wilson Blinzer says that in order to become a good engineer one must have good eyesight and earsight.

A bright general science student. "Old rivers are broad wide rivers."

Can you imagine:
 Helen Smith with bobbed hair?
 Ruth McCallum getting E?
 Kristine Salling with her hair done up?

Maxwell Yahr whispering?
 Nyland Houghton fainting in Geometry?

The girls basketball team playing with the boys?

Like Bennett playing center on the basketball team?

The Civics 12 with their lesson?
 Tracy getting to school on time?
 Almer Smith missing a dance?

Edgar McPhee playing a saxophone?

Buelah Collins as a chorus girl?

Advice to girls with bobbed hair—Keep your hats on in the theatre so the people behind you can see.

Miss Fuller (in physics class):—"What is ordinarily used?"

Eleanor Schumann:—"Why-er—"

Miss F.:—"Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of power?"

E. S.:—"The what, hum?"

Miss F.:—"That will do; very good!"

Why do you hate to go to school?

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J. LANI PA'S NATIVE HAWAIIANS CHARM WITH HAUNTING MELODIES

South Seas Quartet, Sweet Singers and Instrumentalists Masters of Ukuleles and Steel Guitar



At HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
 Friday Night, March 3
 AUSPICES SENIOR CLASS

you. If you don't believe it you'll have the satisfaction of doing some of the loathing yourself if you stick it out. Stick it out—and find out for sure. It seems to us that school is like taking your first swim in the ole swimming hole—it's awful to jump in and stay in long enough to get wet, but "Oh Boy" it's great when you're out. Maybe we are wrong. Best way to find out is to try it out, then tell us we are wrong. "Oh so gently please."

Be sure and come to the school auditorium, March 3.

The Editors.

TETU-SMITH.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized Wednesday morning, February 22nd at nine o'clock at St. Joseph's Church, West Branch, when Miss Florence B. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Smith, became the bride of Mr. Frank X. Tetu of this city, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Fr. W. J. Hasenberger.

The young couple were attended by Miss Collette C. Smith, sister of the bride, and Mr. John S. Balcer of Bay City, Michigan.

The bride wore a gown of white georgette over white satin. She wore a tulle veil arranged in cap effect held in place by a bandeau of silver leaves and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of brides roses, white sweet peas and freesias.

The bridesmaid was gowned in pale green crepe de chine with white picture hat and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations and sweet peas.

After the ceremony, and elaborate wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride which was artistically decorated in pink and white the chosen guests of the bride.

The bride is a graduate of West Branch high school and for the past two years has been employed in the Commercial Bank at West Branch. The groom is engaged in the transportation here.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bousson, Mrs. Harold Rasmussen and son, Robert, Misses Arvelly Tetu and Fedora Monaur, Mr. and Mrs. Angus McPhee, daughter Lucille all of Grayling, Miss Mary Tetu and Mr. John Balcer of Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Tetu are at home to their friends in this city.

Spice.

Wilson Blinzer says that in order to become a good engineer one must have good eyesight and earsight.

A bright general science student. "Old rivers are broad wide rivers."

Can you imagine:
 Helen Smith with bobbed hair?
 Ruth McCallum getting E?
 Kristine Salling with her hair done up?

Maxwell Yahr whispering?
 Nyland Houghton fainting in Geometry?

The girls basketball team playing with the boys?

Like Bennett playing center on the basketball team?

The Civics 12 with their lesson?
 Tracy getting to school on time?
 Almer Smith missing a dance?

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Buelah Collins as a chorus girl?

Advice to girls with bobbed hair—Keep your hats on in the theatre so the people behind you can see.

Miss Fuller (in physics class):—"What is ordinarily used?"

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FREDERIC SCHOOL NOTES.

Have you noticed the solemn looks of the members of the literature class? Well, they're working on book reports this week.

Alfred Smith is librarian this week. Casey Johnson has been promoted to conductor of the Toonerville trolley.

The Eighth grade is studying Sunday Round this week. Rather appropriate we think.

The seniors have ordered their class rings.

The H. S. girls are talking of organizing a club. We'll tell you more about it later.

Mrs. Edmunds was talking to the fifth grade about the Discovery of America, and concluded by saying, "Just think all that happened more than four hundred years ago."

To this statement Billy answered, "Gee, ain't she got a good memory?"

We'd like to know:

Why Mr. Hibbs walked to Grayling Saturday.

Why pink is Viola's favorite color.

Why Chester was absent Monday p. m.

Why skiing is such a popular sport.

How Woodrow can refrain from marking on the desks.

Why Miss Corwin spends all the week-ends in Freerick.

How Teddy enjoyed all the exercise he got Friday noon.

Why Mr. Payne attends church so regularly.

What became of the Hershey Emanuel had in his desk.

How Mrs. Edmunds enjoyed her walk Thursday morning.

Why Dolly wasn't in school Tuesday morning.

Miss Corwin and Miss Craven chaperoned a number of high school people to Grayling, Monday night.

Remember the date of the next entertainment March 17th.

(Too late for last week.)

Great minds have purposes others have wishes.

C. B. (in the library) Gee, it is a reach of a day. I'd like to go rabbit hunting.

D. S. (also in library) I'd rather go bear hunting, wouldn't you?

C. B. Well a change would do me good.

Estella Turner is absent from the 7th grade, having gone to Vanderbilt to visit.

February tests over at last.

F. H. S. defeated Vanderbilt H. S. here Wednesday evening. This was a decisive game as these two teams were "tied."

The first half ended with Vanderbilt three points ahead, but the last was a "toss up" with first one team and then the other in the lead. The final score being 24-22.

F. H. S. was defeated at West Branch Friday.

Attend the game Friday evening. Mancelona vs. Frederic. A close game is predicted. Come out and see it.

Miss Craven (in Eng. Lit. class) Have you done any outside reading?

Max—No, it's too wild.

Mr. Payne: If two wives is bigamy, what is three?

Teddy: Trigonometry.

The basket ball team couldn't help but note some of the hotel rules at West Branch which are as follows:

If the room gets too hot, open the window and watch the fire escape.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

Don't worry about paying your bill, the house is supported by its foundation.

Guests who wish to do a little driving, will find hammer and nails in the cupboard.

Emma Barber, Helen Badder, Freeman Ensign, Angela Gardner, Clara Hunter, Jack Callahan, Martha Burnett, Ethel Barber, Evelyn Doremire, Lena Badder and Lydia Wucker were neither absent nor tardy last month.

The Primary room are making hatches this week.

The next entertainment will be given at the Opera House, Mar. 17. "Kleptomaniac" will be one of the big features. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Senior class.

Attend the bake sale to be given under auspices of O. E. S. next Saturday, Mar. 4, at N. Schjotz grocery store.

YOUNG MAN DIES.

Louis J. LaMotte, Jr., oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. LaMotte, passed away last Saturday morning at 8:00 o'clock at Mercy Hospital, after suffering since January 28th from general septicemia, first caused from a slight scratch on the right elbow.

While employed by the Grayling Telephone company he slipped and fell in the ice but paid no attention to the injury he was so slight. But an infection set in and later the deadly poison went through his whole system.

At this time he was removed from his home to Mercy Hospital.

His sister, Miss Anna LaMotte, who graduated last June from the Grayling Hospital was called from Detroit and he was under her special care.

The young man was born in Bay City, January 26, 1888, his parents moving to Grayling in 1904. He attended school in Grayling, and for some time had been lineman for the Grayling Telephone company.

On October 7, 1911 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Benedict who with a small son, Albert, survives.

Besides those otherwise mentioned, he is also survived by two brothers, Ameldeo of this city and Leon of Detroit, three sisters, Mrs. Geo. Toussaint of Gladstone, Mich., Mrs. Isaac Eouslay of Wyandotte, Mich., and Mrs. Pauline of this city.

His sisters and brother who reside out of the city were all in attendance at the funeral and also two cousins Mrs. Rose Leavine and Mr. Jerry Dauphinais of Bay City, and a brother of Mrs. LaMotte, Mr. George Bentley of Freerick.

The deceased is deeply mourned by his family. He was very thoughtful and kind and always ready to do a good turn for anyone. The remaining members of his family have the sympathy of many friends.

The funeral was held Monday morning with a requiem high mass at St. Mary's church at nine o'clock. There was a large congregation of neighbors and friends of the family present to pay their respects.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

Nothing So Good for a Cough or Cold. "Everyone who has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy speaks well of it," writes Edward P. Miller, Abbotstown, Pa. People who once use this preparation are seldom satisfied with any other. It is excellent to allay a rough or break up a cold.

LOCAL NEWS

No. 1 Timothy Hay at \$20.00 per ton at Salling Hanson Co.

The T. S. T. card club will meet at the home of Mrs. Bessie Brown this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gates and son Bobby of Clare are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wingard.

Mrs. P. P. Mahoney and children Rose Mary and Tom left Saturday for Saginaw and Detroit on business.

Buy your groceries and pies for Sunday at the bake sale to be given at the Schjotz grocery next Saturday.

Mrs. Harry Simpson is entertaining a number of ladies at a thimble party Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. E. W. Behlke.

Get your tickets at once for the Gaylord special next Saturday with the gang and help the Independents bring back the bacon.

A daughter, Phyllis May was born to Mr. and Mrs. Earle J. Hewitt at Mercy Hospital, Monday, Feb. 27. The little girl weighed nine pounds.

Mrs. D. M. Howell gave a farewell party Wednesday afternoon to 9 lady friends of Mrs. E. W. Behlke who is leaving the city to reside in Bay City. Mrs. Marius Hanson held the highest score in bridge.

Mrs. Val Klumpp, who underwent an operation at Grayling Mercy Hospital last week, has been dismissed and is enjoying a few days with her friend, Miss Anna Nelson before returning to her home in Freerick.

Miss Meta Wendt, and brother Arthur of Tawas City were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Herman Doroh and family over Sunday. The young lady played as jumping center for the Tawas City High School girls team in the game last Saturday evening.

Commander Emil Giegling of Grayling Post, American Legion, reports that there are two ex-service men in the city who despise light work. Any such persons who are so disposed, please notify Mr. Giegling or Miss Margaret Jensen, secretary of the Red Cross.

Frank Barnes, an ex-service man, who has been in Chicago for medical treatment for tuberculosis, recently returned home. He says that he is not satisfied with the treatment received there. The local Legion post has taken the matter up and Barnes will be sent to the American Legion hospital at Battle Creek.

Fisherman will be interested in the announcement in this paper by the State Conservation department of the change in the trout fishing law relating to fishing in the North Branch of the AuSable. The limit of catch has been placed at 20 per day, forty in possession at one time and a length of 8 inches for brook trout. Bait and spinner may be used but not more than one hook.

Miss E. M. Ewing returned the fore part of last week from Ann Arbor where she had been receiving medical treatment for a couple of weeks.

Even though there is four to six feet of snow in the country, Howard Granger and brother George rode their bicycles all the way out to the L. B. Merrill farm, Sunday and report an enjoyable trip. They say the icy crust was great to travel on.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reynolds, entertained a number of close friends in honor of their son, James Reynolds, and wife of East Jordan Wednesday evening of last week. A nice lunch was served. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds returned the following morning to their home.

To honor her little daughter, Mary Esther, Mrs. Oscar Schumann gave a birthday party Friday afternoon to 11 girls and boys. In the observation game Helen Jane Behlke remembered the greatest number of articles given by her prize. The youngsters had a happy time and all wished Mary Esther many happy returns of the day.

Albert Brick, formerly a resident of Grayling was killed at the Buick factory in Flint at 8:00 last Thursday morning, according to a message received by his daughter, Mrs. Delphus Charron of this city, who with her daughter Pauline left that night for Flint. Mr. Brick during his residence in Grayling was employed in the flooring factory. His wife and nine children survive.

There was no annual Red Cross meeting last Sunday night as advertised, because only four persons came. It seems that the members should be sufficiently interested in this organization to give at least one night in the year to its interests. The officers have much to do every day, and serve without pay. We hope that when the next meeting is called there will be a generous attendance.

Glenn, age 13, and Emerett, age 11, children of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Diltz, and June, 13, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bridges are deserving of special credit this winter for the regularity in which they have attended Sunday school. They live six to seven miles down the river and have not missed attendance in five weeks. Last Sunday it was impossible to drive the family horse and sleigh so they hitched their dog to their sled and came that way, walking part of the distance. This is a record for the district. They live in a place before some of us living in town who are afraid to start to Sunday school because of the cold or storm. Hundreds of people have grown to manhood and womanhood and the only religious training they have ever received has been in the Sunday school and the encouragement of the regular attendance of children is to be commended.

During the Lenten season, that began yesterday with services both morning and evening at St. Mary's church, Rev. Fr. O. A. Bosler will devote the Sundays and Tuesday evenings, taking for his subjects the Ten Commandments. On Friday evening the Way of the Cross will be recited. Also besides the Sunday service the parishioners will have the opportunity to attend mass in the church on Wednesday morning of each week during Lent. The evening services will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bousson invited a number of their friends to their home Saturday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tetu, who were wed in West Branch, Wednesday morning of last week. Cards presented pleasant pastime, and the guests were served with delicious luncheon supper late in the evening.

Walter Jorgensen returned Friday from a business trip to Toledo, Ohio, where he had been for the past three weeks.

Mrs. Earl Case and children of Detroit are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. A. Ekanfels. Baby sale at the grocery next Saturday, Mar. 4, by O. A. S. There will be all kinds of good things.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kraus are enjoying a visit from Mrs. John O'Brien of Milwaukee, a sister of Mrs. Kraus.

There is no sewing machine that equals the Singer. Come around and let me demonstrate them. Thomas Cassidy, Agent.

Mercy Hospital Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. P. P. Mahoney Thursday afternoon, March 9.

Mrs. B. J. Conklin will assist in entertaining.

Messrs. Bernard, Harvey and Al-drich Vizona of Afton, all three brothers of Mrs. Thomas Trudo were guests of their sister Monday and Tuesday of this week.



ARMAND

COMPLEXION POWDER.
In the LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES.

ARMAND is all a woman could desire in a face powder—soft, clinging and invisible!

All the better shops carry Armand in Bouquet and Cold Cream Powder. Armand Bouquet, a fairly dense powder, is 50c, and Armand Cold Cream Powder, a very dense and clinging powder, is \$1.

A. M. LEWIS
YOUR DRUGGIST

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1922.

Bake Sales every Saturday at Simpson's store.

John Dye of Roscommon was in Grayling Thursday on business.

Supt. C. M. Morfit of the DuPont has been in Wilmington, Del., for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Behlke and family are moving this week to their new home in Bay City.

Be sure you are registered to vote at the Village election. Next Saturday is the last chance.

There will be a regular meeting of Grayling chapter No. 83 O. E. S. on Wednesday evening March 8th.

Goin' to Grayling with the basketball team next Monday? Have a good time and get into the spirit. Everybody goes.

Supt. B. E. Smith was in Chicago first of the week to attend the annual meeting of the National Educational association.

Mrs. R. D. Bailey returned Sunday morning from a three weeks visit with her son, Edward D. Bailey, in Mt. Pleasant, and her daughter, Mrs. Lucille Hagle, in Vassar.

To celebrate her 12th birthday Miss Ada Kidston invited sixteen young girls to her home Monday afternoon. The time was spent very pleasantly playing games. Shirley McNeven, Norma Mitchell and Clara Willett were the lucky winners of prizes in the contests and puzzles. Mrs. Kidston served a delicious lunch.

Regular meeting of Babekahs Monday night Mar. 6.

See the Good-Luck Ring on display at the Gift Shop. B. A. Cooley.

You can buy No. 1 Timothy Hay at Salling Hanson Co. store for \$20.00 per ton.

Supt. B. E. Smith and family are moving into the house vacated by the E. W. Behlke family.

Mr. J. Lani Pa is a good talker and his remarks will be intensely interesting. His quiet humor will create many a hearty laugh Friday, March 3, at the High school auditorium.

Keep your feet dry this spring. Save a doctor bill. Rubber boots for 3 years old add up, also men's light and heavy hip boots and a complete line of shoe rubbers. Get them now while getting is good. Boots \$2.00 and up. E. J. Olson.

If you wish to vote at the Village election March 13, and are not already registered, you may do so by calling on Township Clerk Chris J. Jensen at the Michigan Central freight office at any time before next Sunday Mar. 5. You cannot register after next Saturday for this election.

Gladwin is in the grip of a heavy coat of sleet and ice, which has caused great damage. The storm started Tuesday night, and the heavy weight of ice has broken down trees, electric lights and telephone poles, putting electric lights and telephones out of commission. Gladwin Record.

J. Lani Pa quartet, March 3, H. S. Mr. Pa, who specializes in the steel guitar and ukulele is not only capable of rendering by instrument and voice all the haunting melodies of his native land, but with no less remarkable facility he can explain in just what qualities the weirdness of Hawaiian music consists.

Tanlac is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

John Holaday left Tuesday for Detroit on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Gothro were in Grayling Monday.

Miss Phyllis Laidlaw of Bay City was in Grayling Monday.

Mrs. George Welsh left Friday for Flint to visit relatives.

O. F. Barnes of Lansing was in the city on business last week.

H. A. Shields of Grayling was in Grayling on business Tuesday.

Miss Mae Richardson spent Sunday with her parents at Roscommon. Messrs. Leo Jorgenson and Forest Barber were in Detroit Friday on business.

Here's a bargain—No. 1 Timothy Hay for \$20.00 a ton.

Salling Hanson Co.

Dan Hoesli attended a convention of the Standard Oil Co., at Cheboygan Wednesday.

Mose Blomd of Mackinaw has been visiting at the home of his sister Mrs. Dan Hoesli.

Mrs. Ben Shore and daughter Mer-jorie Jare spent the week end in Bay City visiting relatives.

Miss Beatrice Ketzbeck of Grayling visited at the home of her cousin Mrs. Carl Doroh Monday.

The J. Lani Pa quartet presents "A musical travelogue on the Hawaiian Isles." March 3, H. S. auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ketzbeck returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives in Kalkaska and Saginaw.

Mrs. Ross Sparkes and son of Detroit arrived Thursday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Smith.

Next Saturday is positively the last chance to register for the Village election. See the Village Clerk at the Michigan Central freight depot.

Don't miss the supper to be given by the "Red" team of the Eastern Star chapter, to be given at the Masonic Temple next Wednesday, Mar. 8.

Mrs. B. A. Cooley is in Detroit this week. She says that she intends to return with the finest line of spring hats that has ever been shown in Grayling.

Now is the time to have that spring suit cleaned, repaired and pressed, before the rush of new work for spring. Hendrickson Bros., South Side, Phone 614.

The O. E. S. held initiation Friday evening. Mrs. Margaret Yahr, Mrs. Minnie Martin and Miss Donna Lock-off were initiated. Afterwards a social time and lunch were enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Charles Wilbur returned from Detroit Sunday night when she had been visiting for some time. She was accompanied home by her daughter Mrs. George S. Wendt and little daughter Mary Jane.

The Womans Home Missionary society of the Michelson Memorial church will meet at the home of Mrs. Phillip Zalaman next Wednesday, Mar. 8 at 2:30 o'clock. A good program is being prepared. At these interested are invited to be present.

Standish is about to engage a resident band master, and Frank Walton, a former leader of Grayling band is being considered. Mr. Walton is a finished musician and the Standish band members should consider themselves fortunate if they are able to secure the services of such a capable band master.

"Is spring come?" Seeley Wakeley reports that he saw crows Monday last. These birds are very good harbingers of the after-winter season and many will be led to believe that the spring time is about here. This will be joyful news as this has been a real closed winter with lots of snow and cold weather.

Miss Jennie Ingle entertained twelve ladies of the It Suits us Club Monday evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. H. Joseph and Mrs. Lucy Robinson and at the close of the game a daintily appointed lunch was served. Mrs. Will Havens will entertain the same group on Tuesday evening March 7, at her home.

Oriental superstition?—Perhaps so, but at least an interesting relic of Asiatic antiquity. Alleged by the Chinese to be almost uncanny in its power to bring to the wearer, GOOD LUCK—health, happiness, prosperity, and long life. This odd looking ring excites great interest when observed on your finger. An unusual gift. Find them at the Gift Shop. B. A. Cooley.

Mayor Geo. Olson and Tony Nelson have deposited with the Michigan Central railroad \$147.00 as a guarantee fund for the running of a special train to Grayling next Monday night for the basketball game. Get your tickets of either of these gentlemen, and not of the ticket agent at the depot. 75 passengers have been guaranteed therefore these gentlemen must sell that many tickets. Buy from them, early.

The roof of the Collins pavilion at Lake Margrethe, collapsed under a heavy weight of snow, Saturday, and crashed thru the floor below. There is nothing left of the structure except the concrete foundation and the porches, and the salvage that can be recovered from the broken timbers in the way of kindling wood. George Collen says that it will be rebuilt as soon as possible next spring, and enlarged by the addition of a dining room and kitchen.

Some of our residents living down the river report that they have not been away from their homes since last week Wednesday and some were beginning to run short of food. How ever Tuesday was a fine bright day and some of the men were able to snow-shoe to Grayling for supplies.

The Department of conservation at Lansing sent out warnings to the several game wardens in the northern part of the state that there was great danger of the deer dying for the want of food. The matter was called to the attention of Jos. C. Burton and he circulated a petition for funds with which to purchase hay. In almost no time he had enough money with which to buy a ton. This was distributed at several points about Lake Margrethe where it is known there are many deer. George Schai-ble and Dick Babbitt distributed the hay. This, it is believed, will tide the animals over until the snow has sufficiently gone and they are again able to pick their living from the ground and trees.

Who has ever heard of a rug in room size for \$4.25. We have a lot on display now. Six different patterns, beautiful decorations made of Japanese grass, suitable for dining rooms, bed rooms, sun parlors and many other places. 6 x 9 at the above mentioned price. Sorenson Bros.

The Detroit Times and the Avalanche one year by mail for \$5.00. The regular price is \$6.00. This offer is for a short time only.

The natural, refreshing sleep of a healthy body is enjoyed by those who take Tanlac. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

Stylish Spring Suits

are "March"-ing in.

Unusually good suits, of fine fabrics and tailored by experts.

Blue Serges

that will surprise you at

\$18 to \$25

A splendid showing for your inspection.

Kupperheimer

GOOD CLOTHES



An Investment in Good Appearance

Snappy Spring Caps

For men are here. Imported tweeds in the new English Golf shapes

\$1.50 to \$3.00

New Spring Hats

We are proud of the New Spring Hats—men! The newest shapes and colors and marked at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies Stunning New Trimmed Hats for Spring wear are on display.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

PHONE 1251

THE QUALITY STORE

AS LIFE SEES 'EM.

Blessings on the little dame, Bareback girl with knees of same; With thy rolled down woolen hose, And thy short, transparent clothes, With thy red lips, redder more, Smeared with lipstick from the store; With the make-up on thy face, And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace, From my heart I give thee joy— Glad that I was born a boy.

WARNING!

To men, women, and children who have been destroying my property, I will prosecute to full extent of law unless stopped at once.

Mrs. Rose A. Sweeney.

NOTICE: NO TRESPASSING.

I know the parties that carried away the trespass signs, also names of people that broke down fence and crossed my lot being forbidden to do so. Some parents seem to uphold their children in doing such work.

Mrs. Rose A. Sweeney.

Clean cotton wiping rags wanted at the Avalanche office. 5c per lb. paid for them.

Tanlac corrects stomach disorders, strengthens the nerves and restores health through its effect on the appetite and nutrition of the body. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

REDUCED PRICES ON FLOORING MILL WOOD

Per Wagon Load at the Mill **\$3.50**

ADDITIONAL FOR DRAYING—

To any point on South Side **\$1.00**
To any point on North Side **\$1.25**

Leave orders with C. W. Hazzard or at office.

KERRY & HANSON FLOORING CO.

Saturday Specials

Bushel Potatoes

—95c—

With an order of \$1.00 worth of other groceries

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|---|-----|
| Salmon, Alaska Red, tall can | 29c | Eggs, strictly fresh, dozen | 35c |
| Sardines, in olive oil, large can | 23c | Royal Garden Tea, 1/2 lb. package | 35c |
| Red Raspberries, in heavy syrup, can | 39c | Graham Flour, 10 lb. sack | 43c |
| Lima Beans, Richelieu can | 27c | Dried Apples, large circles, pound | 21c |
| Honey, 1921 crop, per cake | 19c | Premium Soda Crackers, salted, 2 pounds | 29c |

THE SIMPSON CO.

PHONE FOURTEEN

Grocers

PROMPT DELIVERY

SORENSEN BROS.

The Home of Dependable Furniture

"THAT YOU MAY KNOW"

FURNITURE is our principal line but it is by no means the only merchandise we carry. Our stock may readily be divided into fourteen distinct lines or departments and each one is complete in itself. We aim to give our customers the best merchandise and best of service in all these lines.

- | | | | |
|----|--|--|---|
| 1 | Furniture | Fancy and plain; also Baby Carriages, Baby Cutters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Hammocks, Swinging Davenport, etc., etc. | A |
| 2 | Wall Paper | Large selections at the right prices. | B |
| 3 | Floor Covering | Rugs, large and small, Linoleums, Matting, etc., etc. | C |
| 4 | Window Shades | Water Colors and Oil Opaque, also Porch Shades | D |
| 5 | Paints | Exterior and Interior, Varnishes, Enamels for all purposes, Oils, Polishes, Bronzes, etc., etc. | E |
| 6 | Picture Framing | Work Neatly Done at Reasonable Prices, Room Mouldings, Picture Glass, etc., also Furniture Repair Work (not upholstering) Go-cart Wheels, Re-tired. | F |
| 7 | Undertaking | Best of Service Night and Day. Phone 79. Night Call 703. | G |
| 8 | Gift Goods | Toys, Glassware, China, Souvenirs, Boys Wagons, Coaster Sleighs, Doll Carriages, Kiddie Cars, etc., etc. | H |
| 9 | Dinnerware | Domestic and Imported, Semi-Porcelain and Transparent China open stock, matchings are looked after promptly as long as factory can supply. | I |
| 10 | Kodaks | Eastmans complete line of Cameras and Supplies. "If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak." | K |
| 11 | Building Materials | Plaster Board, Roofing and Tarred Felts. | L |
| 12 | Woodenware and Cabinet Hardware | Clothes Baskets, Hampers, Ironing Boards, Curtain Stretchers, Furniture Casters, Glides, Drawer Pulls, Curtain Rods, Picture Books, Carpet Tacks, etc., etc. | M |
| 13 | Post Cards | Local Views, Birthday Post Cards and Folders, Cards for all special occasions. | N |
| 14 | Bedding | Mattresses, Blankets, Comforters, Pillows, Sofa Cushions and a fine assortment of Brass, Steel and Wood Beds. | O |

If you are not a customer of this store you are cordially invited to come in and get acquainted. We are anxious to add your name to our many satisfied customers.

Sorenson Bros.

Furniture and Undertaking

A Short Time Ago I
Weighed Only 80
Pounds—I Now Weigh
112 Pounds and

TANLAC

is what built me up so
wonderfully, says Mrs.
Barbara Weber, 315
Van Ness Ave., San
Francisco. She is but
one of thousands simi-
larly benefited.

If you are under weight, if
your digestion is impaired, if
you are weak and unable to
enjoy life to the fullest mea-
sure, you should take Tanlac.
At all good druggists.

WINS \$5,000

Another big puzzle contest just started
by Mr. E. J. Reef. This fascinating pu-
zle game is all the rage. "Everybody's
playing it."
This is the biggest and most exciting pu-
zle contest of all. First Prize is \$5,000.
Second Prize is \$2,500. 123 other big cash
prizes. Yes, 123 in all. Win one of them.
Contest is open to all. Costs nothing to
try. The picture puzzle is free.
Amazing Health and Beauty Discovery
This game is made to introduce
Reefers' Test Tablets, the great Vitamin
Health Builders. Contain all three Vitamins
that enable you to get the right
amountment from the food you eat. Vita-
mines bring about a wonderful change in
skin, nervous, run-down people.
If the body is properly nourished, all the
vital and vigor of youth come back. Eyes
sparkle. Lips and cheeks reflect the color
of the pure, rich blood that courses through
the veins. A springy step, a snappy walk,
the joy of youth are regained. No matter
how young or how old you are, you need
Vitamin. And Reefers' Test Tablets
supply them in the pleasantest form.
\$5,000 Puzzle Picture. FREE!
But you don't have to buy Reefers' Test
Tablets to enter this contest or win a prize.
Just send for the \$5,000 puzzle picture.
Great! Big, clear picture free on
request. Hurry! Send today to E. J.
Reefers, 5th and Spruce Sts., Dept. 157,
Philadelphia, Pa.

for that
COUGH!
KEMP'S
BALSAM
Pleasant to take
Children like
it.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or
aches; feel tired; have headache,
indigestion, insomnia; painful pas-
sage of urine, you will find relief in

GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney,
liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and
National Remedy of Holland since 1695.
Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box
and accept no imitation.

Public Health.
With a \$250,000 foundation fund
from the Rockefeller interests, Har-
vard University will establish a school
of public health providing both in-
struction and research in this great
field.

AT THE FIRST SIGN
OF A COLD—USE
CASCARA QUININE

World's Standard Cold and Grippe
Remedy. Contains Quinine and
Cascara. Prepared by
W. H. KILL COMPANY, DETROIT.

Mitchell
Eye
Salve for SORE EYES

Dr. Kellogg's
Asthma
Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and
Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it.
25 cents and one dollar. Write for
FREE SAMPLE.
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Rats in the Cellar,
Mice in the Pantry,
Cockroaches**
in the Kitchen

What can be more disagreeable than a
home infested with rats? Destroy them
with Stearns' Electric Paste, the standard
exterminator for more than 43 years.
Kill rats, mice, cockroaches, waterbugs
or ants in a single night. Does not blow
away like powders; ready for use better
than traps. Directions in 15 languages in
every box. Order from your dealer.
2 oz. size 35c. 15 oz. size \$1.50.

PALMER'S
LOTION
A HOUSEHOLD
NECESSITY FOR
BURNS, BITES, CUTS,
ECZEMA AND
ITCHING SKIN AND
SCALP TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS
GUARANTEED BY
SOLON PALMER
NEW YORK
PALMER'S LOTION
IT REMOVES ALL MY BLEMISHES
AND CLEARLY MY COMPLEXION

CAPE BRETON ISLAND



Bay of St. Anns, Cape Breton.

(Prepared by the National Geographic So-
ciety, Washington, D. C.)

Close to home, yet less known to
Americans than many parts of Europe,
Cape Breton Island, a part of Nova
Scotia, is far from being the "few acres
of snow" that Voltaire contemptuously
dubbed it in the days when France and
England were at each other's throats
over it. It is hardly an island, and for
all practical purposes may be considered
the easternmost point of Canada's
mainland.

Perhaps many who have not seen
this land think of it as Voltaire did,
but it has its fruitful apple orchards
and a thriving general agriculture,
and growth is remarkably rapid, once
vegetation is started. It has, too, all the
ingredients for industrial success in
this "Steel Age"—iron ore, coal and
limestone. And, unlike those of the
competing iron-producing regions of
North America, Cape Breton's materials
are at the water's edge, where the
finished product can be handled most
cheaply.

The ports of Cape Breton are closer
to Europe and Africa by hundreds of
miles than any others on the North
American continent, and, surprisingly
to those who have not closely studied
their maps, the distance from Cape
Breton to Rio de Janeiro is less than
that from New Orleans to Rio.

A less material but important asset
of Cape Breton is its scenery and climate.
Relatively few American tourists
have "discovered" the island yet,
but those who have swear by its
charm. Its summers are pleasantly
cool and its winters, thanks to the
proximity of the Gulf stream, relatively
mild. A principal pleasure feature
and beauty spot is the island's inland
sea, the beautiful Bras d'Or lakes, a
paradise for yachtsmen.

Cape Breton's history is old and full.
Undoubtedly her coasts were frequented
by Norwegian rovers as early as the
Tenth century, and we even have it
from the authority of the Finnish geogra-
phers that the island was discovered
and named by Basque fishermen, who
crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of
whales a hundred years before the voy-
ages of Columbus.

John Cabot's Landfall.
It is from the voyages of the Cabots,
however, that Cape Breton dates her
history. The highland to the north of
the island is now generally agreed to
have been the landfall of John Cabot
—the first sighting of North America
of which we have record. Peter Martyr's
account of the voyage of the
younger Cabot in 1498, when the is-
land was claimed in the name of
"King Henry," shows that a landing
was made on these northern shores at
least a year before Columbus touched
upon the mainland of the continent.

Standing far out in the Atlantic, the
most easterly extremity of the Domini-
on of Canada, Cape Breton owes much
of her colorful history to her geographical
position. She reaches out into the
open trade lanes, the landfall of
west-bound shipping today as in the
time of the Cabots.

Two centuries ago her commanding
position with reference to the trade of
the St. Lawrence and the West Indies
made Cape Breton an issue in world
politics, an issue sometimes disturbing
the peace of Europe and upsetting the
creatures of the powers. The fortunes
of the little island, now under the
red cross of St. George, now under
the gold lilies of France, are a part
of the continent's history—the greater
part of it a war history.

The story of Louisbourg, a fortress
25 years in the building, at a cost
of six millions of dollars—more than
four times that sum in the value of
our money—its two sieges, and its
final demolition, is the best-known
chapter of Cape Breton's history.
The fortress became not only the
base of French naval power in Ameri-
can, but, with outlying posts at St.
Peters, Ingonish, and St. Anns, the
resort of privateers that infested the
New England coast and the haven to
which they conveyed their spoils.

Upon the outbreak of war between
France and England, in 1744, to the
colonists of Massachusetts and New
Hampshire the reduction of this
stronghold was a highly attractive
project.

Capture of Louisbourg.
The first siege and capture of Louis-
bourg by the little band of New Eng-
land militiamen under Pepperell, with
the British West India fleet under War-

ren, probably foreshadowed the Ameri-
can Revolution.

With the closing of this refuge of
Atlantic privateers, "marine insurance
on Anglo-American vessels fell at
once from 30 to 12 per cent." Sub-
sequently the island was restored to
France, and again the fortunes of war
made it permanently a British pos-
session.

The giant fortress of Louisbourg was
demolished in favor of the newly forti-
fied base at Halifax—a military nec-
essity that is deplored by the visitor
of today.

And yet in all its desolation, one
thrills to the glory of its past. Here
are the remains of the English garrison
who can be traced the landward
remains of the king's Bastion, and
on one of these grassy mounds stood
the citadel, where fair ladies and gallant
gentlemen of France graced the
grand ball on that fateful eve of
Pepperell's arrival in Gaspere Bay.

Not until 1784, when the island be-
came temporarily a separate colony,
with its own governor, were grants of
land to settlers permitted. To it in
the late years of the Eighteenth and
the opening of the Nineteenth cen-
tury came a great number of hardy
Scottish settlers. In this way the is-
land became "the Gaelic part of Scot-
land," as the Scotch called it. Though
there are considerable French Acadian
settlements, a more or less cosmopoli-
tan population in the vicinity of the
mining districts, and many descend-
ants of the old-United Empire Loyal-
ist stock, the P. E. V.'s of the prov-
ince, Cape Breton is still predomi-
nantly Highland Scottish in its popu-
lation.

The finest scenery in the Maritime
provinces is to be found in northern
Cape Breton and through the lovely
Bras d'Or Lakes.

Most striking of the island's physical
features is this inland sea, known in
its two sections as the Great and Little
Bras d'Or Lakes. Winding out
from its two Atlantic entrances, it
extends in its 450 square miles of
area through the heart of the island,
nearly a thousand miles of interior
coastline bordering all four countries
and forming in enchanting succession
wide harbors, island-dotted bays, and
deep fjord-like channels. A ship canal
at historic St. Peter's, across the old
Indian portage of Nicholas Denys's
time, connects the lake waters with
the Strait of Canso.

This inland waterway was of great
strategic value to the French, as at a
later period it was a valuable means
of transportation—indeed, the only
means of transportation at first—to
the Highland Scottish settlers. To-
day it affords easy access to the
markets of the Sydney for the farmers
of the interior, no less than a
natural playground for the people of
the industrial centers.

The drive along the north shore
of Cape Breton is surprisingly lovely.
Landward there are ever the hills,
near and remote, the green meadows
of farmlands abounding in milk and
Celtic hospitality; seaward the At-
lantic, and in the distance, sheer out
of the ocean, towers "Snooky."
Once seen, the view looking south-
ward from Snooky is never forgotten.
Headland after headland in outline
reaching out to the eastward, plaster
cliffs dazzling white against the dis-
tant blue, and 1,200 feet below, the
long roll of the Atlantic.

Rescued Too Late.
I once was employed at a small
shop where they had neither furnace
nor steam heat. The room was heated
by one large stove. There was a young
man there. We were pretty good
friends. He had a habit of changing
his shoes. One day I happened to be
working around where he kept his
good shoes.

In a joking way I said, "If you don't
move those shoes I will throw them in
the stove."

I picked them up and went over to
the stove. There was a lot of waste
paper in it, so I just laid them on top
of it, not knowing there was fire on
the bottom. I went over to him and
he told me I had put them there. He
said, "I don't know what you were
thinking of. The paper had ignited.
The shoes did not burn up entirely,
but they were utterly ruined." Ex-
change.

Autobiographical
"I attribute my many sterling quali-
ties and my reputation for unswerving
integrity to the fact that I was born
on a farm, practically, as it were,
between two hills of corn, like a pump-
kin," admitted I. Fuller Bloom. "I at-
tended school in a poor but honest
log cabin, of the sort that was thought
by the pioneers of those fine old days
to be good enough for their children
because it had been good enough for

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE ALARM CLOCK

"At any rate, it isn't my fault," said
the Alarm Clock to the watch which
was lying on the bureau.
"What isn't your fault? I didn't
know any one had blamed you for any-
thing," said the Watch.

"Well, I haven't exactly been
blamed for anything, but still I am
grumbling about it. You see, it is this
way:

"There is a little English boy named
Eugene, and every night he sets me
at seven o'clock. That means, Watch,
that I am set so I will ring at seven
o'clock in the morning and wake him
up.

"Never have I failed to do so. Never.
Never. I ring at the hour I am set
to ring at. That is the way the Alarm
Clock does.

"The Alarm Clock does its duty as it
is told. But to continue about this
little boy named Eugene. He says
evening after evening—in fact I've
never known him to miss an evening:

"Now, I must get up early to-mor-
row morning. I have so much to do."
"That is as far as it goes," said the
Alarm Clock.

"As far as what goes?" asked the
Clock.

"You don't mean that you don't go
beyond that time, do you?" it asked.

"No, no," said the Alarm Clock. "I
mean it is as far as it goes as Eugene
is concerned. He sets me every night
to go off at seven o'clock, as I've
said.

"Every night he says that he must
get up early the next morning. He
calls seven o'clock early, by the way!
"And yet he never gets up at seven
o'clock. That is the joke.

"One would think that at times he
wouldn't bother to set me so early
when he wasn't going to get up at that
hour. But he has never yet failed
to set me at seven o'clock, and yet
he has never once arisen at that
hour.

"Ah, but wait a moment," contin-
ued the Alarm Clock.

"I can't wait another moment," said
the Watch. "For I have a reputation
to keep."

"I don't think that I should be
bothered by such co-operative associa-
tions even more than the
organizers had anticipated.
Some form of co-operative breeding
is essential to the proper growth of
the dairy industry in many sections of
the country, for the reason that the
average herd at present is so small
that the owner cannot afford to buy a
good purebred bull, and it is certain
that the herds of the future will not
be large enough to change this con-
dition materially. The movement to get
more people living on farms and in vil-
lages to keep family cows tends to
diminish the average size of the herd,
for the one or two cows kept by each
family are really a herd in themselves,
but owners of small herds cannot af-
ford to keep a bull. They, therefore,
depend upon neighboring bulls, and
the co-operative association is one
means of providing for such cows the
service of high-class bulls.

The dairy extension men in South
Carolina, for example, realizing the
importance of the co-operative bull
association, have made it a part of
their campaign for "two cows to each
rural family," and they have set as a
goal the organization in their state of
114 co-operative bull associations.

Boxes Are Subjected to Rough Treat-
ment in Handling and Should
Be Good and Strong.

Certain characteristics of American
cheese, most valuable for export pur-
poses, in addition to good flavor, in-
clude firm, close-bodied texture, clean
and sound rind, and strong, well-made
packaging. The favored export style
is the large so-called "cheddar,"
weighing from 60 to 80 pounds, al-
though of later years a good many
"twins" have been exported. "Twins"
weigh about 35 pounds each, and are
packed two in a box.

The matter of the package is very
important, as the boxes are subjected
to rough handling in loading and un-
loading. The most satisfactory boxes
are sufficiently large for the entire
cheese, for with a cheese higher than
the box, the pressure of other boxes
piled on top destroys the shape of
the cheese and injures the rind.

It is common in the United States
to paraffin most of the cheese market-
ed a week or ten days after the cheese
is made, which permits free moisture
to escape and allows for the usual
shrinkage. During the spring, sum-
mer, and autumn, the use of refriger-
ator cars, where a temperature of 35
degrees to 40 degrees F. may be main-
tained, is important in shipping. It
has been found as a result of experi-
ments conducted by the United States
Department of Agriculture.

Feed Balanced Ration.
It is extremely difficult to feed a
ration which will cause a starved cow
to increase her milk flow. The safest
rule is to feed a balanced ration from
the beginning, and to provide adequate
feed to meet her requirements.

Satisfactory Flow of Milk.
Where no effort is made to give cows
good care, it is difficult to make them
pay their way. They may give a satis-
factory flow of milk for a few weeks,
but later on they fail to keep the pails
filled.

Roughage for Cows.
See that each cow has all the rough
feed she will eat, then regulate the
grain ration according to the quantity
of milk produced.

Improper Food for Hens.
Moldy grain or grain which has
sprouted under improper conditions is
not proper feed for laying hens.

Calves on Skim Milk.
Calves under six weeks do well on
skim milk alone; after that they
should be given grain as well.

At an Employment Agency.
"Will you look at the cooks?"
"No; when I pick 'em out by looks I
always get disappointed."
"Well?"
"Line 'em up. I'll shut my eyes and
take the first one I grab."

Fussy About the Song.
"Brown says he will sell his country
place for a song."
"Yes, I know, but as soon as you
start to give him a song he tells you
you haven't got the right notes."

DAIRY TALK

GAIN OF BULL ASSOCIATIONS

Increase Attributed to Fact That
Farmers Are Beginning to Realize
Value of Quality.

(Prepared by the United States Department
of Agriculture.)

A gain of 35 co-operative bull asso-
ciations during the past fiscal year in-
dicates that dairy farmers are begin-
ning to appreciate the value of such
organizations. According to the dairy
division of the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture there were 158 of
such associations, as compared with
123 a year ago. This is an increase of
28 per cent, a very satisfactory gain in
view of the comparative newness of
the plan.

This increase is attributed by the
department to the fact that farmers
are beginning to become acquainted
with the benefits which other farmers
have derived from this form of co-
operative breeding. Both federal and
state workers have found that mem-



Use of Purebred Sires as Improvers
of Productive Capacity of Cows Is
Rapidly Gaining Favor.

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YOUNG GIRLS NEED CARE

Mothers, watch your Daughters' Health

Health Is Happiness

From the time a girl reaches the
age of twelve until womanhood is es-
tablished, she needs all the care a
thoughtful mother can give.

The condition that the girl is then
passing through is so critical, and may
have such far-reaching effects upon
her future happiness and health, that
it is almost criminal for a mother or
guardian to withhold counsel or ad-
vice.

Many a woman has suffered years
of prolonged pain and misery through
having been the victim of thought-
lessness or ignorance on the part of
those who should have guided her
through the dangers and difficulties
that beset this period.

Mothers should teach their girls
what danger comes from standing
around with cold or wet feet, from
lifting heavy articles, and from over-
working. Do not let them over-study.
If they complain of headache, pains
in the back and lower limbs, they
need a mother's thoughtful care and
sympathy.

A Household Word in Mother's House
writes Mrs. Lynd, about Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"My mother gave me Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when
I was 14 years old for troubles
girls often have and for loss of
weight. Then after I married I took
the Vegetable Compound before
each child was born and always when
I felt the least run-down. Both my

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments
Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write
to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts.
This book contains valuable information.



Spohn's Distemper Compound

to break it up and get them back in condition. Twenty-eight
years' use has made "SPOHN'S" indispensable in treating
Coughs and Colds, Influenza and Distemper with their resulting
complications, and all diseases of the throat, nose and lungs.
Acts marvelously as preventive; acts equally well as cure.
60 cents and \$1.20 per bottle. At all drug stores.
SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY GOSHEN, INDIANA

Evidently Needed One.
One Saturday afternoon my wife
went out to a neighbor's and left
John, a boy of four years, and Robert,
a baby eight months, who was
asleep, in my care.

While she was out, Robert awoke
and started to cry, and I could not
anuse him in any way.
John came running into the room
and asked what was the matter with
the baby, and I said, "I don't know."
He replied: "Didn't you get a book
of instructions with him?"—Chicago
Tribune.

Use of Purebred Sires as Improvers
of Productive Capacity of Cows Is
Rapidly Gaining Favor.

bers are being benefited by such co-
operative associations even more than
the organizers had anticipated.
Some form of co-operative breeding
is essential to the proper growth of
the dairy industry in many sections of
the country, for the reason that the
average herd at present is so small
that the owner cannot afford to buy a
good purebred bull, and it is certain
that the herds of the future will not
be large enough to change this con-
dition materially. The movement to get
more people living on farms and in vil-
lages to keep family cows tends to
diminish the average size of the herd,
for the one or two cows kept by each
family are really a herd in themselves,
but owners of small herds cannot af-
ford to keep a bull. They, therefore,
depend upon neighboring bulls, and
the co-operative association is one
means of providing for such cows the
service of high-class bulls.

The dairy extension men in South
Carolina, for example, realizing the
importance of the co-operative bull
association, have made it a part of
their campaign for "two cows to each
rural family," and they have set as a
goal the organization in their state of
114 co-operative bull associations.

Boxes Are Subjected to Rough Treat-
ment in Handling and Should
Be Good and Strong.

Certain characteristics of American
cheese, most valuable for export pur-
poses, in addition to good flavor, in-
clude firm, close-bodied texture, clean
and sound rind, and strong, well-made
packaging. The favored export style
is the large so-called "cheddar,"
weighing from 60 to 80 pounds, al-
though of later years a good many
"twins" have been exported. "Twins"
weigh about 35 pounds each, and are
packed two in a box.

The matter of the package is very
important, as the boxes are subjected
to rough handling in loading and un-
loading. The most satisfactory boxes
are sufficiently large for the entire
cheese, for with a cheese higher than
the box, the pressure of other boxes
piled on top destroys the shape of
the cheese and injures the rind.

It is common in the United States
to paraffin most of the cheese market-
ed a week or ten days after the cheese
is made, which permits free moisture
to escape and allows for the usual
shrinkage. During the spring, sum-
mer, and autumn, the use of refriger-
ator cars, where a temperature of 35
degrees to 40 degrees F. may be main-
tained, is important in shipping. It
has been found as a result of experi-
ments conducted by the United States
Department of Agriculture.

Feed Balanced Ration.
It is extremely difficult to feed a
ration which will cause a starved cow
to increase her milk flow. The safest
rule is to feed a balanced ration from
the beginning, and to provide adequate
feed to meet her requirements.

Satisfactory Flow of Milk.
Where

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

COOKS TO PLEASE ANY TASTE

F. G. Galpin, Historian of Texas Post, Brings Odd "Cargo" From Australia to England.

One of the few persons in the United States who can cook up a meal for a wallaby, or satisfy the fastidious cravings of a wombat, or play chef to a cuckoo, is F. G. Galpin, historian of El Paso (Tex.) post 36 of the American Legion and ex-animal-cook of the White Star liner Medic. Galpin is never more at home than when he is busily engaged in brewing up a stew for a cassowary.

Upon his return from a recent trip of the liner, bearing lizards, carpet snakes, rat-kangaroos, and other things (800 altogether) from Australia to England, chief Galpin expounded details to his Legion comrades. They had to believe everything he said. It seems that the bird of paradise, paradoxically, has secular tastes and squawks vigorously when offered such seemingly compatible delicacies as angel cake. "I fed 'em bananas and hard-boiled eggs," said Galpin, "and not one of 'em lost a single heavenly feather."

"And on the other hand," he added, "I had a couple of Tasmanian devils aboard, and they wouldn't touch a thing the whole trip except floating island."

DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

German Submarine Commander Who Sank Lusitania Also Now at Bottom of Sea.

The commander of the German submarine that sank the Lusitania is now at the bottom of the sea, according to a story which has reached American Legion headquarters. Flogged and flung over the side of a Paraguayan war vessel, he met death with a dose of his own medicine.

The story is that the commander, fleeing from allied justice, took refuge in Paraguay, where he at once took out naturalization papers and swore allegiance to the Paraguayan republic. Friends in the shipping world secured for him the command of a Paraguayan man-of-war, the Adolph Riquelme. He had hardly set his heel upon the decks when he inaugurated the rules which had been his custom. The crew, with their Latin blood, could not stomach the diet as the stolid Texans had done in the old days. So they passed him around for a beating, and then threw him into the sea, far from sight of land.

HAD THE "THEODORA" ODOR

Fancy French Pets Saturated With Unwelcome Perfume of Marshal Foch's American March.

Fifty thousand francs' worth of pet dogs were temporarily ruined by Marshal Foch's wild cat on the voyage to France. When the marshal, as guest of the American Legion, had picked up Theodora from an admiring friend, he had little reckoned what devastation was in store.

Theodora was placed in the kennel room atop the liner Paris, under care of the ship's butcher, who acted as animal valet for the trip. Believing that the fluffy Pekinese, and poodles, and Mexican hairless that shared her compartment did not represent, like herself, the true red-blooded pioneering spirit of America, Theodora lay quietly in her cell and exuded the aroma peculiar to wildcats. When the Paris touched the shores of France, the valet handed the pet dogs madam to the group of daintily-seemingly maidens and was greeted with loud shrieks.

Parachute in Shell.

A shell which blows off its head at an altitude of 2,000 feet, expelling a parachute from its interior, is fired from a gun at Lymington, England, as an experiment in physics. Attached to the parachute is a brilliant magnesium flare, which lights automatically when the parachute opens and lights the sky for miles around.

Error in Judgment.

Her plan for assuring the support of the women voters to him moved the statesman to admiration. "Whatever steps you take will carry weight, I'm sure," he said cordially. Right there he lost the whole woman's delegation. She had been dieting in secret for three months. —American Legion Weekly.

A Heavy Load.

Kriss—After we had sampled the home brew last night we organized a vocal quartette. Kriss—Who carried the bass? Kriss—It took three of us to get him home. —American Legion Weekly.

Army "Spring Fashions." Even the army has its "spring models." What the well-dressed soldier will wear is a knotty problem. Recent changes permit extension of blouse to the crotch, a slit in the bottom of the coat skirt, and a hook to hold the Sam Browne belt in place. Breaches of Bedford cord of different color than the blouse will also be allowed. A new design for officer's overcoat contemplates an open-necked effect. The soldier's coat remains soberly the same, in all its simple beauty.

LEGION MAN, STURDY HIKER

Illinois Ex-Soldier on Way Back From Washington, Is Completing 2300-Mile Jaunt.



Romance still lies along the broad highway, according to H. H. Rufus, "Harding's messenger boy," now on his way back to Danville, Ill., about from Washington, D. C., completing a 2300-mile jaunt. After hanging by his hands from rail-way trestles and facing starvation in the mountains of Kentucky, the sturdy hiker found a climax to his adventures in Clarksburg, W. Va., in the form of "the only girl."

Rufus, who is forty-four years old, an ex-soldier, and a native of Danville, started out last November bearing four sealed messages from the Danville chamber of commerce, which he was to "deliver in person" to the President. Stalking out of the White House six weeks later, he said: "I was all eyes and ears, looked straight ahead, and got what I went after."

The hiker is dropping in at American Legion posts when he wants to darn his socks or shave, and his stories have become well known. He started from his home town with with one cent and the instructions neither to beg, borrow, nor steal. He carried a 14-pound pack which, among other things, contained a cigar for "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

SENDS 'NOTES' FROM ALASKA

Historian of Ketchikan Legion Post Writes in Answer to Letters of Sympathy.

"Please note following," the long-suffering historian of the Ketchikan post of the American Legion in Alaska has written in answer to many letters of sympathy from buddies back in the States:

1. There isn't a gold miner in the post.
2. The thermometer has never dropped lower than five below.
3. The deepest snow in recent years was three inches.
4. Some winters pass with practically no snow.
5. Overcoats are often a nuisance in January and February.
6. Raincoats and umbrellas are commonly worn.
7. No one has even worn furs or snowshoes to a post meeting.
8. "Gold-fishing" is the principal industry.
9. No one reads by the northern lights or the midnight sun.

The fact that people in Ketchikan ride in automobiles, and that the only dog sleds there are hot dog sleds is hard to get across, according to the historian.

FINDS HIS LONG-LOST BOY

Father, by Chance, Discovers Soldier Son, Missing From Infancy, in Washington Hospital.

The "long-lost-boy" theme of the movie frontier has been discovered in real life by the American Legion post at Flint, Mich., where a reunion has taken place between E. G. Morrison and his son, George, who is now a war veteran.

More than three years ago in New London, Conn., the elder Morrison and the boy's mother separated. The child of six months was given to the mother. She remarried and the boy lived with her until he was fifteen years old, when he ran away. He joined the navy, served overseas with the aviation forces, and was wounded. Last summer Mr. Morrison, Sr., was motoring in the East. A chance conversation with a passing acquaintance led to the discovery that his son was at that time lying ill in a hospital in Washington, D. C. The reunion was effected, and George is now in business with his father in Flint.



Carrying On With the American Legion

The Minnesota post of the American Legion is given credit for 43,352 road deeds to unfortunate buddies during 1921.

A surplus of \$25,000 remaining from the Kansas City convention of the American Legion may go into a headquarters building.

Of the 300 ex-soldiers enrolled as vocational students at Pittsburgh, Kan., who negotiated a loan, not one has failed to make full repayments.

Ladies are present even in the north land. A unit of the American Legion auxiliary has been chartered at Wrangell, Alaska. It will doubtless be named "The Arctic Circle."

Compensation checks amounting to \$323,447.80 were obtained for 4,924 ex-soldiers men and women by the American Legion's service division, between October 10, 1921, and January 14, 1922.

To aid in building a \$5,000 home, the Enthal (Wash.) post of the American Legion shipped apples to Seattle where other posts sold them.

Frank Aggar, late of the United States army, sold on the auction block at Boston, Mass., has been given work by the Legion post at Racine, Wis.

The British ministry of pensions has issued a report to the 41,000 English former service men wearing wooden legs stating that it has much lighter and greatly improved ones for them.

THIRTY-FOUR DIE IN BURNING BLIMP

Largest Semi-Rigid Airship Meets Disaster in Flight Over Langley Field.

WIRES FIRED HYDROGEN GAS

Those Not Immediately Killed by the Fall Burned to Death, Since Fierce Heat Forbade Attempts at Rescue—List of Victims.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 21.—In the greatest disaster that ever afflicted American military aeronautics, thirty-four men died this afternoon when the army dirigible Roma plunged a thousand feet and crashed to earth in flames near the Hampton Roads army base.

Only eleven of the forty-five men aloft were saved, and some of them were terribly hurt.

It took less than a minute for the burning airship to reach the ground after the explosion.

Those who jumped were forced to take this slim chance of escaping certain death in the flames, which had quickly enveloped the entire craft. It is believed those who remained in the ship were instantly killed by the explosion or trapped by the flames and unable to seek possible safety in flight.

Reports from Portsmouth, which is near the naval base, said the Roma, after a slanting plunge of hundreds of feet, struck one of the barracks buildings at the base and then exploded with a ripping crash. A sheet of flame leaped from the rent in the gas bag and the passenger compartments slung underneath dropped twenty feet to the ground below.

The breaking of the rudder with its vertical controls, affixed in box kite fashion to the stern, was the original cause of the disaster. Its more horrible phase came just as the stricken craft plummeted into the earth. The metal clad nose snapped high tension electric wires. With a flash and a roar that carried dread warning to the imprisoned crew, the dirigible was fired from stem to stern.

Army officers who survived the disaster declared it was caused by the collapse of the elevating rudder. The Roma was sailing along smoothly about 300 feet in the air, they said, when the elevating rudder suddenly buckled, throwing the stern of the craft upward.

Pilots' Efforts Futile. The buckling of the rudder crippled the steering apparatus and started the Roma on its plunge toward the ground. The downward progress of the airship was checked by shutting off the engines, but the pilots were powerless to right the craft and it plunged to the ground, crashing through a line of high tension electric wires and landing upon a pile of steel rails and wheels.

The survivors emphatically denied statements of civilians who saw the accident from the ground that it struck broke out on the Roma before it struck the ground. The army officers, who escaped also said they believed the fire and explosion which followed the crash were caused by the heat of the airship's motors, rather than by contact with the electric wires.

Striking these, the big dirigible exploded, its great 400-foot hydrogen bag smothering the passenger and engine compartments as it crashed to earth, to become immediately a raging furnace of blazing hydrogen gas in which all who had not jumped to earth met a terrible death. All of the eleven survivors escaped by jumping as the ship struck, only one of the victims meeting death in this way.

Leap to Beat Fiery Death. Only those whose fortunate position in the car enabled them to take the hazard of a leap before the flames ran with lightning speed through the gas bag, a city block long, had the faintest chance for their lives. The thirty-three who could not jump died.

The crushed, misshapen mass that thudded down on the field was a funeral pyre of such intense heat that the agonies of those who were not killed in the crash must have been mercifully brief. The bodies were burned beyond recognition and the slow work of listing the victims was carried out partly by a process of elimination and partly through noncombustible objects that the aviators were believed to have carried in their pockets.

The list, when it was completed, showed that two majors, four captains and seven lieutenants were lost in those few minutes of swift catastrophe that wiped out much of the flower of American army flying.

Furnace Heat Bars Rescue. For many minutes the pillars of flame that went torching skyward flared the bravest of rescuers. Horrified watchers, some of them veterans of gallant exploits abroad, rushed for the blazing channel house. Heat halted them in their tracks. Some had dear associates among the ill-fated crew, others were actuated by all the traditional daring of the service—but those walls of heat were beyond human penetration. Not until three fire departments, mobilized at breakneck speed, had exhausted their chemicals and the twisted aluminum metal work was losing its red glow, could any one approach. Then there remained only the job of extricating charred bodies.

Things might have been different had that gas bag with its cubical capacity of 1,100,000 feet not been filled with hydrogen. Noninflammable helium was the gas used when the Roma, which was bought from the Italian government, went on her first trial flight here last December.

Fatal Change of Plans. But it had been planned to send the ship—the biggest in the world—on a spring cruise over the country to demonstrate its fitness to cross the Atlantic. In its "big bag" been the whole available supply of helium in the United States. Flying officials wanted that for the spring journey, so on Saturday they pumped it into tanks and substituted hydrogen.

The occasion for this last flight that was to prove so tremendous a blow to lighter than air flying was a desire to test Liberty engines which had been installed to replace the Italian motors that functioned poorly in the cold which marked the brief trial flight last December.

In charge of Capt. Dale Mabry, with a full complement of officers and men and a few civilian guests, the huge craft went aloft from Langley field at 1:30 in the afternoon. It was just forty-nine minutes later that it lay in ruins with most of those who had gone up in gay holiday mood, with no suspicion of what awaited them, blasted and scorched.

The whole story was compressed in the last minute or so. In that time Captain Mabry and Lieut. B. G. Burt, at the control wheels, had striven with every resource of courage and skill to negotiate the hopeless task of guiding the wobbling airship to a safe landing despite the broken rudder. Others trained for swift action in just such pinches had played their part by hurling off bag after bag of sand ballast that the unwieldy load might be lightened. It was all of no use. The Roma was doomed.

Officers Stick to Controls. She was too far up for those below to see all that happened. There must have been fast bucked orders, instant obedience, a struggle to make the thing obey. The crazy downward course told how Captain Mabry and Lieutenant Burt were sticking at her controls, how they were pitting their puny strength against tons of dead weight when the crippled machinery would no longer answer their touch.

There were long-drawn seconds in which the watchers below thought those master air men would win. But things got worse. Another second and the air was black with sand bags. Men fighting for their lives rammed them through every available port hole, raining instruments and equipment after them.

Tragedy Is Topic in England. London, Feb. 22.—News of the destruction of the United States army dirigible Roma is the feature in London morning newspapers, which print long accounts of the tragedy and pictures of the airship.

Similarity of the details with those of the destruction of the R-38 at Hull last summer is widely remarked. The Times says that as in the Hull tragedy the people of the United States and Great Britain join in a common sorrow.

"This time the blow has fallen on America alone, but England feels with her and for her today no less than she did when her own sons were numbered among the dead."

Regarding the investigation of the R-38 disaster, it is understood that the question of publication of the air ministry's report depends upon the admiralty, to whom it must be referred. The report has also been communicated to the United States government, as the latter's representatives were associated in the investigation.

Doyle had just talked with a survivor of the Roma.

The survivor, whose name was not given, told Captain Doyle that the accident had been caused by the vertical controls having been carried away. The airship then ran foul of a high tension wire and was ignited. But for that the majority on board might have escaped.

A high official, who refused to be quoted, observed that if helium gas had been employed for inflation the accident would have been averted.

NAMES OF VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS OF ACCIDENT

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 21.—Below is the official list issued by air service officials here of the survivors and dead in the Roma disaster.

Known Survivors.
Capt. Walter J. Reed.
Maj. John D. Reardon.
First Lieut. Clarence H. Welch.
First Lieut. Walter A. McNair, bureau of standards.
Civilian Charles Dworkack, McCook field, Dayton, O.

Sergeant Harry A. Chapman.
Sergeant Joseph M. Bledensbach.
Corporal Albert Flores.
Lieut. Byron T. Burt, Jr. (not hurt).
Civilian Itay Hurley, national advisory committee for aeronautics (not hurt).
Sergeant Virden T. Peek (not hurt).
Identified Dead.

Lieut. W. E. Riley, New York.
Maj. John G. Thornell.
Maj. Walter W. Zautsmerer.
Capt. Dale Mabry.
Capt. George D. Watts.
Capt. Allen P. McFarland.
Capt. Durschmidt.
First Lieut. John R. Hall.
First Lieut. Wallace E. Burns.
First Lieut. Clifford E. Smythe.
First Lieut. Wallace C. Cunningham.
First Lieut. Ambrose V. Clinton.
First Lieut. Harold K. Hine.
Master Sergeant R. D. McNally.
Master Sergeant Mugby.
Master Sergeant Gorby.
Sergeants.

L. M. Harris.
Lewis Hilliard.
Marion J. Beale.
William Ryan.
Virgil Hoffman.
Schuwaucker.
Corp. Joby B. Heyron.
Holmes.
Yarborough.

Privates—Gus Kingston, Vernon Blakely, John Thompson, Marion Hill.

Civilians—W. W. Stryker, Robert Hanson, W. G. O'Laughlin, F. Harryman, Charles Schulerberger, all of McCook field.

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Grand Rapids, Michigan

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"Tough as the Name Implies" and Rut Proof

Corduroy Cords take their name from an exclusive and distinctive feature—a corrugated sidewall consisting of eight graduated corrugations of live rubber moulded in the side wall of the tire.

This gives Corduroy Cords practically absolute resistance to side wall depreciation—something which was much needed in the tire field.


In every other respect Corduroy Cords are high-grade tires, incorporating all the qualities which make for long life and freedom from tire-trouble.

In addition, they are generally accorded first place for appearance.

Before you make another investment in tires be sure to examine Corduroy Cords.

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Grand Rapids Michigan



You May Share the Harvest of Wealth

"I like 'em" "They Satisfy"

Chesterfield


CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"I like 'em" "They Satisfy"

Not so long ago a household in New York's famous Park Avenue residential district. She found that many of the most exclusive families had adopted spreads for bread like Brednut.



for Progressive Housekeepers

A new food.

Smiles from your family. Smiles from your pocketbook.

RECENTLY a noted foreign writer paid this high compliment to American women. He said, in effect: "American women are the quickest in the world to adopt new worthy ideas. Their eyes and minds are ever wide open on any subject; social relations, civic improvement, national and international politics."

Our writer should have added that American women are especially quick to adopt any new, worthy food idea. For American women do lead the world in their intelligent reception of food betterments.

The women of Michigan are furnishing an outstanding example of this characteristic. Only a few months ago they were introduced to Brednut, the new spread for bread. Such a hearty welcome did they give this wholesome food that it was hard to keep up with orders.

Made from pasteurized milk
and rich tropical nuts

Can you imagine a more delightful combination than this: pasteurized milk blended with rich tropical nuts—nuts brought from luxuriant far off islands?

Husbands comment on Brednut as a delicious new addition to the family table—a welcome new subtraction from the family expense.

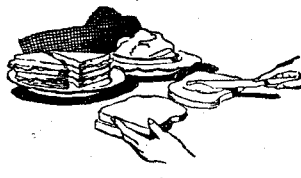
Brednut is made under careful supervision; made in rooms of spotless white cleanliness. Brednut comes to you fresh from these perfect surroundings—uncolored—a pure white. With wholesome vegetable material which your grocer gives you, you can color your Brednut to a rich golden yellow.

BREDNUT

The delicious new spread for bread

(Made from
pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts)

Delightful
Brednut Sandwiches
Try Them!



Brednut
Toasted Chicken Sandwich

Toast two slices of bread spread with Brednut. Cover one slice with lettuce, the other with sliced chicken and place together. Notice what a delicate flavor Brednut gives to this sandwich.

Brednut, Cream Cheese and
Pimiento Sandwich

Spread slices of bread with Brednut. Cream a cake of cream cheese with a fork until it becomes soft enough to spread easily. Add chopped pimientos to taste and spread over one slice of bread and cover with the other. Notice how well your Brednut spreads.



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DANCING AND CARD PLAYING.

(Continued from first page.)

the cradle to train them in the fine arts of something that will never make their lives better lives. With their first lispings words must come the lispings of the words that have spelled the downfall of thousands. They know nothing about the Bible, the church, the sacred literature but they are wise to the point of crime in the things of the world. O wisdom that darkens the hearts of all men. In my conclusion I want to point out some results. I speak mostly in relation to our young people and children. I am almost a pessimist concerning the possibility of accomplishing much with our youth. It can be done but not unless parents awaken. It is a matter of grave concern. Ordinary sport is too tame for most of these and they know more about the thrills of life at fifteen than their parents did at thirty. Sane, healthy, uplifting, clean sport is recreation. But we have reached the point in our community where the children are taken from the cradle and taught the very things which we are condemning. With their first lispings words they lisp dance and cards. The teachers in the Sunday School can hardly get their attention long enough to teach them the rudiments of religion. The little tots even are full to the brim of dance, cards and show. What will the harvest be? In fact, it is a common sight to find upon entrance into any room in the church when little folks are playing, a dance going on. Why do they so suddenly quit when the preacher enters. One of the most interesting things at present is the growth among farmers of the study of soils. The discovery has been made in recent years that soil will not grow crops without nitrogen, potassium, humus, and lime, etc. Soil will not grow crops unless

it has certain definite elements. What about boys and girls? They are a wonderful crop. They are worth more than all other crops. They must have a certain kind of soil if they are to be hardy, healthy, clean, honest, and of good character. What kind of soil has Grayling for the production of boys and girls of moral excellence? I fear a stunted growth morally and spiritually. The church has been almost strangled to death this year. It has been next to impossible to wedge the church activities into the community life. Now I do not think it is necessary for the church to be kept alive for itself. The church is to be a help to the community, not the community a help to the church. It does not exist to be nourished and fed it exists to nourish and feed people. This church could close today and not a line would appear in the papers of the day about it. But can the people afford to strangle the only teacher of religion they have? And yet due to so much expenditure of money for cards and dancing this winter no one has dared call for the church to grow and do for the sake of better things. We cannot get workers for people are too busy. We cannot get means for people are too loaded with expense. So the people perish for lack of spiritual knowledge. And all the time boys and girls are growing up and becoming fixed in the life of worldliness. Now preacher what would you do? I would take some of the money that is spent for foolish things and I would have fine out door skating rinks enough to supply the need no matter how many. I would furnish music at these rinks as often as possible with variety and fun. I would have our people getting their recreation out of doors as much as possible. I would provide teams and chaparrons—real chaparrons with sense and honor—to take the children sleigh riding once per week and they to pay as much as they would pay for

a movie. I would have strict rules for the dancing and early hours of closing and insist that children be not allowed on the dance floor. I would demand the highest type of dancing if any must be. I would, if my people would give me the money, place a big wireless library in the church and have a flocking like bees to honey. I would teach the girls cooking in the church, and sewing. I would draft the mothers for this service. I would increase the library to a nightly opening for the public library and many more books for our Sunday School. I would have tennis courts for summer. I would have fun, fun, fun, but through it all would run leadership, oversight, and such clean sport that everyone would be happier and more open to the leadership of the Spirit of God. Many other things might be mentioned. But it takes money! Not as much as is being spent upon dancing and cards. It takes work. Yes, Thank God, it takes work. It would mean that all of us would be so busy making lives big and beautiful that we would have time to worry, fret, and dissipate. But it would mean a new and better day; a happier citizenry; a growing and more beautiful community; a better and more spiritual church, a saved people.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD REDUCES RATES ON FEEDER CATTLE.

Reduced rates on inbound cattle and sheep for feeding and grazing to all points north of Bay City from Chicago become effective on the Michigan Central Railroad April 1st. A new blanket rate has been established which, with the present temporary reductions on farm products, gives a rate of 30 cents per hundred pounds on inbound livestock in carload lots.

Farmers taking advantage of the new rate and the temporary reductions will be benefited by savings ranging from \$9.00 to \$20.00 per car on their grazing stock for the coming season. Sheep in double deck cars will carry the same rate as cattle; sheep in single deck cars take, until June 30th, a 38 cents per cwt. rate. Shippers using this rate must give a certificate to the effect that cattle and sheep so shipped are intended for feeding and not for slaughter. The Michigan Central is taking this means of further aiding the development of the cattle industry in Northeastern Michigan.

FARM BUREAU NOTES.

(Continued from first page.)
On a farm, why not get some beauty, joy, accomplishment, possession out of it?

Those Prosperous Germans Near Vassar.

After Mr. Clark, banker at Vassar told me that the creamery, fifteen years ago, paid out to farmers \$230 a month, while now, that they all have put up silos, got purebred dairy bulls, grow alfalfa, and dairy with dairy cows instead of mongrels and beef stock, the same creamery pays out to farmers seventy thousand dollars a month.

What the Old Storekeeper Said.

I talked with one of the oldest storekeepers in Vassar. I said: "Seem to be doing well with dairying out towards Clark's farm. Any more prosperity around here?" "All should say there is," he said. "All that country out there for miles (indicating the whole east) is full of thrifty German farmers. I wish you could see their buildings, great, beautiful painted barns, and large, good brick houses. 'What kind of cattle do they use to get this prosperity,' said I feebly, very feebly. 'Short horns, I suppose—beef cattle—milk-strain?' I almost wished I hadn't asked him. My heart skipped a beat. I swallowed nervously. I looked at my watch. I shifted onto the other foot. I aged perceptibly. "I should say not. They all have Holsteins." I leaned weakly against the wall. I could scarcely believe it. For I had been told so plainly in Crawford County that Short-horns were the kind that would do things for us. "Well, these thrifty Germans must ship the milk to Detroit to be bottled, don't they?" "They patronize this creamery." Now, what do you think of that?

What the County Agent Said.

So I went on to the Agricultural College for Farmers' Week, which all county agents were ordered to attend. I had, there, a good long talk with the agent of a county containing a noted Short Horn herd. I told him that I would like to lead the good people at home into good, high class dairying, so they would have some money, and be better satisfied with farming. He said: "I remember that, in your county there is one of the best-known Short-horn herds in the state. Do they cut quite a figure in dairying?" "No, none at all."

Something Wrong Somewhere.

There is a screw loose in the machinery somewhere. We've kept cows for years; we've hunted them for years when we could not afford the time. We've raised feed for them, and cleaned stables for them, yet, they have made few of us much money.

Milk Pays the Bill.

How can they prosper with cows around Vassar, Saginaw, Mt. Pleasant, on land worth from \$125 to \$250 an acre, while we do not prosper on cheap lands?

Perhaps they have better cows. In all the herds I visited at these three places, none but purebred dairy sires were used.

The Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture shows that feed, labor and miscellaneous costs with which a cow should be charged, consume the value of 6177 pounds of milk. The average Michigan cow gives about 4000 lbs. of milk and 160 pounds butter fat per year. Yes, milk pays the bill if we pick the right cow.

The Cow is our Business Partner. On all hands are undeniable proofs that high class registered bulls, of dairy type, improve the common man's herd.

The North Carolina Agriculture Extension Service states: "Milk production of heifers out of ordinary cows, and sired by Holstein Jersey and Guernsey bulls, increased over that of their dams 17.64 per cent. Butterfat production increased 52 per cent. The second generation increased in milk over the original cows 150 per cent; in butter fat, 109 per cent."

Department of Agriculture states: "First three daughters to freshen, of Sultana's Virginia Lad, a good purebred bull, made an increase of 4684 pounds milk and 250 pounds butter fat over that of their own mothers."

I Found Great Bargains.

In visiting herds, recently I found a lot of bargains in registered purebred stock, all of which should be bought by Crawford County Farmers.

At Vassar.

Splendid bull calves at \$100 each. Cash, Notes or Liberty bonds taken. Splendid bull calf, whose granddam was champion of the state in 8 year old class and sold for \$1225. Can be had for \$40 on a note which may run nine months.

At Mt. Pleasant.

Two bull calves, splendid sire heavy milking dams, 2 to 8 weeks old, for \$20 each. Offer good to Feb. 28. Heifer calf, born Oct. 14, \$40.

Bull calf, born Dec. 6, dam tested 27.59 pounds butter in 7 days, \$100.

Bull calf, born Dec. 9, dam tested 25.5 pounds butter in 7 days, \$100.

Bull calf, born Dec. 18, dam tested 26.69 pounds butter in 7 days, \$100.

Heifer 2 years old. Bred to splendid bull, \$100. (Great bargain.)

3 year old cows, bred to splendid bull, \$125.

At Saginaw.

On farm of Thomas Phoenix, Herd bull cost \$3000 when a calf. Beautiful bull calf from him and splendid cow, testing 24 pounds butter in 7 days, born Aug. \$100.

Beautiful bull calf from above sire and cow, testing 18 pounds butter in 7 days when he was freshened as 2-year old. Born last May, \$150.

These last two animals ought to come to this county. Every head of the above stock ought to be brought here.

I have shown a variety of prices, something in the range of all. Some are situated to take the cheaper stock.

Some could take the higher priced. No one considers it unwise to invest a reasonable amount in good foundation stock.

If we could break the deadlock right away and get our citizens to share them here it would soon become the fashion to ship in purebreds. Who will lead off and start this?

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Henning C. Jorgenson, Village of Grayling, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel H. Williams, township of South Branch, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Johannes C. Christenson, Beaver Creek township, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Emerson Terhune, township of Frederic, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Ernest B. Barber, township of Frederic, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Elmer L. Neal, village of Grayling, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Mrs. Ida Neal, Village of Grayling, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Herbert H. Feldhauser, township of Maple Forest, now deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said Court, held at the probate office in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on the thirtieth day of February, A. D. 1922.
Present: Hon. George Sorenson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Katherine Donahue, deceased.
Edward King, her grandson having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration covering the real and personal property of said estate be granted to Emil Kraus of Grayling, Michigan or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the sixth day of March, A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in payment of money secured by mortgage dated October 9, 1916, executed by G. W. Cupp and Nettie I. Cupp, his wife, Mansfield, Ohio, to Mrs. Libbie Robinson, of Mio, Mich., which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Crawford county in Liber H of Mortgages on page 275 on December 6, 1918,

And, whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at this date is \$681.40 principal and interest and Twenty-five Dollars attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage; which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of said power of sale and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the village of Grayling, in said Crawford county, on the 17th day of March, next, at 1 o'clock P. M.; which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit:

The South Half of the Southeast Quarter and the Southeast Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of section twenty, township twenty-five north range one west, Crawford county, Michigan.

Dated December 14, 1921.

Mrs. Libbie Robinson,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
Roscommon, Mich. 12-22-13

WHY THAT LAME BACK?

That morning lameness—those sharp pains when bending or lifting, make work a burden and rest impossible. Don't be handicapped by a bad back—look to your kidneys. You will make the mistake by following this Grayling resident's example.

Mrs. Peter F. Jorgenson, says: "My back ached all the time and it was hard for me to do my housework. When I did the least bit of work sharp pains darted through my back and I suffered a great deal with lame back. I was tired, nervous and ran down and worried so much I became depressed and irritable. I had dizzy headaches and black specks passed before my eyes. My kidneys were weak and irregular in action and I couldn't sleep well at night. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and purchased several boxes at Lewis' Drug Store and they cured me in a splendid way."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Jorgenson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan,
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Grayling in said county, on the fifth day of February, A. D. 1922.

Present: Hon. George Sorenson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of William Fischer, deceased.
Mrs. Camilla Sorenson having filed her petition, praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased and that administration as executrix of said estate be granted to Marie Fischer, or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the eleventh day of March, A. D. 1922 at ten A. M., at said Probate Office is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

2-23-3.

DIRECTORY

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL

PROBATE COURT

Crawford County, Mich.

Sessions:—First and Third Monday

of every month.

Hours:—9 o'clock a. m. to 12 noon.

1 o'clock p. m. to 5 o'clock p. m.

Any information and First Proceeding

in connection with this Court will be

had at my office at Sorenson Bros.

GEORGE SORENSON

Judge of Probate.

BANK OF GRAYLING

Successor to Crawford County Exchange Bank.

MARIUS HANSON

Proprietor

Interest paid on certificates of deposit. Collections promptly attended to. All accommodations extended that are consistent with safe and conservative banking.

Marius Hanson, Cashier.

Drs. Keyport & Howell

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS

Office next to Peterson's Jewelry Store.

Special attention to Eye refraction. Office Hours—2-4, 7-8 p. m. Sundays by appointment.

C. A. Canfield, D. D. S.

DENTIST

OFFICE:

over Alexander's Lg. Office on Michigan Avenue.

Office hours: 8:30-11 a. m. 1-3:30 p. m.

Dr. J. J. Love

DENTIST

Phone 1271

Hours: 9 to 11:30 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

Office: Over Simpson Co.'s grocery.

HOMER L. FITCH

Prosecuting Attorney

Crawford County

General Practice

Surety Bonds. Insurance.

C. J. HATHAWAY

OPTOMETRIST

Suite 223-224, American Bank Bldg.

Pontiac, Mich.

Office hours 8:30 to 12:00; 1 to 5 p. m.; and by appointment. Phone 267.

Practice confined exclusively to refraction of the eye.

O. PALMER

Office in Avalanche Building

KELSDEN & KELSDEN

Mondays and Wednesday from 2:30 to 9:00 o'clock p.